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The Student's Pen



Nov. '45

The Student's Pen

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FOOTBALL TEAM

First Row—Dicenzo, Flynn, Gutmann, Marra, Co-Capts. Bianchi and Carmel, Everhart, Van Loon, Kasuba, Scutt, R. Connor.
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 Third Row—Carnevale, Ostaski, Mlynarczyk, Petrillo, Barba, M. Flynn, Arpante, E. Wheeler, King, Kearns, Dubacher, Romasco, Villanova, Civallo.
 Fourth Row—Shields (Mgr.), Hayford, Phillips, Heidel, K. Wheeler, Ranti, Hovey, Sweetner, La Sorsa, Carmody, Welsh, Marr, D. Heidei, Holly.
 Fifth Row—Bolster, Hayes, Andrews, Mancari, Condron, Mierzejewski, Leonard, Smith, Cronin, B. Connor.
 Sixth Row—Mr. Hennessey, Coaches Stewart, Leahy, Herrick, Carmody.



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

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As We Bow Our Heads

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

FOUR years ago at the Thanksgiving season, few Americans were able to sit down to a traditional turkey-pumpkin-pie feast without worried hearts. Four years ago there seemed little for which to be thankful. The European countries had been invaded and their governments disrupted by destructive forces. The English were entering the weary, devastating Battle of Britain, and America was soon to hear the cadence of her sons' marching feet and the whistle of Japanese bombs falling on Pearl Harbor. As the succeeding Thanksgiving Days went by, peace and understanding seemed faintly glimmering will o' the wisps. More and more American families came to realize that loved ones might not—would never—return to take their places in the family group. On these Thanksgiving Days, individual survival seemed the only reason for thankfulness.

Now in the year 1945, not only the United States but all humanity should be able to lift its eyes in thankful prayer for the first time in more than a decade. Prayers may not be uttered in gratitude for complete political and religious freedom, or complete freedom from hunger, disease, and cold; but certainly all may give thanks for the feeling of security which has driven away the constant fear of instant annihilation.

Though nations other than the United States do not celebrate this holiday, if they did, each one would have something for which to be grateful this year. The Polish, French, and Norwegians may thank God that they live on to maintain their countries' spirit. Great Britain, too, may thank God that it has survived the struggle and still stands united.

In the United States we may thankfully say that life is returning once again to normal. Mothers, wives, and children will give thanks for fathers, husbands, and sons coming home; discharged veterans will be thankful for the simple comforts of home and the pleasures of everyday life. For the wounded, there is the knowledge that the money secured in the present War Bond drive will enable them to receive the most efficient and the speediest care. For the families of the deceased, there are yet proud memories.

Our nation, respected by other nations, stands firm and united. Our influence is succeeding in many ways in promoting brotherhood.

This Thanksgiving let us humbly bow our heads in prayer and sincerely thank God for His goodness to us; let us voice our gratitude for the world's salvation, and resolve ever to safeguard the peace which He has given us.

November

By Josephine Nugent

NOVEMBER may seem bleak and dreary to many, but it has certain beautiful and unusual characteristics.

The November dawns are usually grey and melancholy, but as the day proceeds, the sun slowly breaks through the haze and casts a warm, friendly glow over the land. Striking the brown of the fields, it seems to enhance them with an almost mystical peace. Here and there a stretch of grassland, touched by the golden light, takes on a veritable midsummer green. Even the trees, leafless now, give back the sunlight in their shining bark.

The red barns that dot the countryside, and the rambling white farmhouses stand out clearly in the crisp atmosphere. Now and



then the wind rustles a solitary leaf on a lone maple, and like children at a game of tag, the dead leaves fly over the roads. The mountains, tall and luminous in the distance, are still colorful with their final bloom of purple and scattered reds and yellows.

Dusk comes much earlier now and the day ends with a flaming sunset as if some giant were stirring his fiery cauldron.

When the curtain of darkness has fallen, The Big Dipper, clearer than usual, seems to dip down low on the horizon, and the moon stands on guard, sad, yet strangely majestic.

This is November—the month of brisk dawns, sharp sunlight, gorgeous sunsets, and hunters' moons.

What Will the People Do?

By Gertrude Giese

What will this year's Thanksgiving be like?

What will the people do?

Will they lower their heads in humble praise

Will they lift up their hearts, and their voices raise?

Will some stare at Peace and its lucent light,
And refuse to follow?—to give up the fight?

Will they look on the ravaged, desolate land,

Sink to their knees, seek God's kindly hand?

Will they give some encouraging help or aid

To one less fortunate and, perhaps, more afraid?

What will this year's Thanksgiving be like?

What will the people do?

In the Usual Way

By Coralie Howe

LYDIA DUSKIN'S shell-rimmed glasses clouded up at the sudden change of temperature, as she ambled out of the Brentwood High School door. Not being able to see through the foggy lenses, she stumbled on the concrete steps and fell against Bussy Waters, carrying him down with her. Their books went flying in all directions, geometry notes sailed merrily away on the wings of the wind, and a half dozen pencils clattered an uneven tempo on the sidewalk.

Lydia gave a funny little groan and sitting up, shook her red curls out of her face. "Well, get off my leg," said the dazed and slightly sardonic Bussy. Lydia shot him a timid, hasty glance, and with another groan and a following consolatory rub where it hurt most, she pulled herself to her feet, stepping on the agitated Mr. Waters' hand in the act.

"Ouch!" he yelled, "Boy, you sure are clumsy." Then he was up, and after brushing off his lately cleaned and pressed suit, and picking up his pencils, he went on his way without another word.

Lydia tried to think of some retort or apology to call after him, but all she could do was stand there and murmur, "Oh, I'll die—I'll just die!"

"And who wants to die?" said another feminine voice, as Marion Smith sauntered up to Lydia.

Lydia looked at Marion,—Marion, who was definitely popular—and so graceful. Lydia's inner thoughts were envious ones, as she eyed the beautiful blonde hair and sparkling eyes.

"Oh," she began, "Oh, Marion, here I was trying to make a good impression on people—especially on Bussy Waters—and coming out of school I knocked him down, stepped on his hand, and everything—I thought I was

growing out of this awkward age by now—you'd think I was twelve!"

"Don't worry about it," Marion laughed, "you'd better get a book on personality to teach you how to be more graceful. As for making an impression on him—don't worry about that, either. I see someone else has already impressed him. Look over there!"

Lydia looked in the direction of Marion's finger. Bussy Waters was walking down the street with a pretty, brown-haired girl.

"Joan Harper!" Lydia sighed, and she gazed longingly on the pair. "Now all my dreams are shattered—now I'll never have any hope—not with that 'irresistible cannon ball' around!"

For the next few weeks, Lydia, bent on gaining grace, poise, and beauty, studied a little handbook, lent to her by Marion, and everytime she glimpsed Bussy's blonde, wavy hair and massive shoulders, she attempted to make a new and good impression on him, but it was evident that Joan Harper had the upper hand.

But Lydia, was, beyond a doubt, growing out of her unwieldy actions—and soon she and Marion began to formulate a plan.

"You're going to make your debut, Lyd," Marion was saying, "we'll give a party together—and invite Bussy and all the senior boys—oh yes—and Joan, too. We'll see if Bussy'd like a 'change of heart'!"

It was the evening of the party. Marion's home was filled with high school boys and girls. The record player was blaring forth the strains of "The Aitcheson, Topeka, and Santa Fe," and Joan Harper was being her usual self, baby-talking to Bussy, and chasing the other boys. But Lydia, intent on being glamorously poised, was not doing so well. Flustered by the sudden line of boys asking her to dance and cutting in continuously,

she began to be her old self. Her red locks loosened out of place, and her piquant face turned blush red as she danced on her partner's feet. Then she tripped him and both went down in a heap.

From her position on the floor, she eyed the giggling people around her.

Bubsy was sitting in a chair, and for a moment Lydia stared at him, trying to decide whether the expression on his face was purely blase or something else entirely. But then he began to laugh—softly at first, and then louder.

Lydia picked herself up, and ran out to the kitchen with the object of making cocoa—really wanting to get away from the embarrassing situation. She was stirring the cocoa on the stove, when she was joined by Bubsy.

He just slipped into the kitchen, quietly, and spoke to her.

"You certainly need some walking lessons. Can't you stand up?"

Lydia blushed, and bit her lip. She nervously emptied the pepper shaker into the pan of boiling chocolate—but she couldn't say a word.

Then, out of a clear blue sky, Bubsy said, more softly, "Maybe I could teach you how to dance—or stand up—if you'd go to the Senior Formal with me next week." Lydia's mouth opened wide. She dropped the spoon, and with her elbow, knocked the book "How to Gain Popularity and Poise," from the shelf into the pan of hot chocolate, and both pan and book went on the floor.

But Lydia was too happy to care. Standing in a puddle of cocoa, she said, "Yes,"—assuming her most sophisticated air.

November 11, 1945

By Betty Kreiger

Today is a reverential day,
Great in the hearts of men;
Sweet in the souls of men;
Peace for the sons of men
Now at long last.

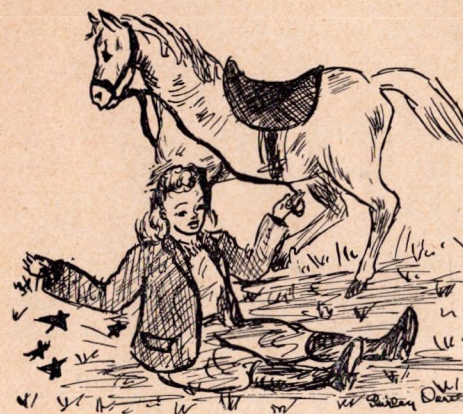
The flame of Liberty's torch
Is bright. Hold it high again,
Up toward the sky again;
Never to die again;
Make freedom fast.
Our soldiers died for this;
Young, how they tried for this;
Their hearts have cried for this
Who are no more.

Sadly we think of them.
In the great goal we've gained,
Think yet of those who strained;
From whom all life was drained
Because of war.
This day of Armistice
Is marked once more by peace.
Strange, all too new, this peace;
Lasting, enduring peace,
Silent and deep.

Let us hold fast our gains;
Freedom, for all of men;
Freedom to live again;
Peace, in our hearts again;
These must we keep.

Horseback Riding - - Phooey!

By Betty Kreiger



ON Saturday I was a normal,—well, almost normal,—young lady. On Sunday everything happened,—and on Monday I was practically a raving maniac.

Whatever possessed my father to make me go riding, I'll never know, but for years he had been suggesting it, and I had been kept busy thinking up reasons why I should not. At any rate, I hadn't been asked in so long that I was beginning to feel safe—that was when he caught me off guard. I floundered for an excuse, but—

Sunday morning, with the air brisk and clear, found me warily approaching a group of fenced-in horses at the Riding Academy. My heart went into my big toe or thereabouts at the first look, but my father kept urging me on with, "Oh, it's not so bad, once you try it."

Finally, after looking the horses over carefully, I pointed to the one with the deepest sag in its back and the tireddest look on its face and said, "I want that one."

Five minutes and three falls (in attempting to mount the thing) later, I was perched precariously atop the animal. Slowly I settled into the saddle, thinking to myself, "Well, this isn't so bad after all."

"Ha-ah! Do you have to eat your breakfast now, Horsie?" You have no idea how it feels to be sitting on a horse when he puts his mouth deep in a water trough. I thought for a minute I was going to have a bath.

"All right," said Dad, "just kick your heels gently against his sides and he'll walk."

I kicked. Nothing happened. I kicked again. Still nothing happened. I kicked a little harder and he exerted himself to swish a fly off with his tail. I patted him on the head and said, "Giddap," but no response. This time I gave him a good hard kick,—what a mistake that was.

Trees, shrubs, fields, in fact all of Nature flew by like lightning. Hanging on for dear life I muttered, "Please make those trees stand still—I'm getting dizzy." After what seemed ages, the whirlwind under me slowed down to a gallop, then to a trot, and proceeded to bounce me nearly out of the saddle. Dad appeared from somewhere and called, "Post, Betty, Post. Go with the horse," and I answered, "I am going with him, but I wish I knew where he was taking me!"

Right then, unfortunately for me, I found out. For the horse (Dad says he stumbled, but I know he did it out of downright meanness) dumped me right square in the middle of a beautiful babbling brook. Now beautiful babbling brooks are all right to look at, but when one is sitting waist deep in icy cold water, one doesn't stop to appreciate its beauty.

After being pulled out and wrung out, I was perfectly content to walk back to the stable, just as long as my father kept that vicious creature away from me. I never wanted to hear the word "horse" again.

Dad and the riding master joked about my ride, but I saw not the faintest spark of

humor in the situation. I must have looked my anger, for just then Dad asked me if I felt all right, and I answered, "Yes",—but little did I know.

Next morning, as the alarm sounded, I reached out with my right hand to shut it off. Ouch! I tried the left hand. Oooh! That

was worse. Painfully I swung my legs to the floor and stood on unsteady feet, feeling every bone in my body creak as I did so.

"Well, I suppose I have to make the best of it," groaned I, bravely, but as I staggered inch by inch down the stairs, I thought to myself,—“Horseback riding—phooey!”

Thanksgiving's Casualty

By Alma and Claire Rosenfield

AS Thanksgiving draws near, our thoughts dwell upon one whose fate it is to sacrifice his most precious possession, his life, to the noble cause of self-indulgence, gluttony and indigestion. This unfortunate creature is none other than that royal bird, the turkey, the king of the holiday feast.

For weeks before Thanksgiving Day, His Majesty had strutted around, proud of his body which he felt was appreciated by both old and young. They not only admired his multicolored plumage but even his generous avoirdupois, though he knew not the reason why. His head was held so high that he could hardly see his ignoble little cousin, the chicken, as she gazed wistfully up into his haughty features. He was proud of himself, and why shouldn't he be, when everyone catered to him? Not even a spoiled child could have been so pampered and well-fed as he was during that last week before D-Day. Little did he understand the cause of his sudden popularity, or the anxiety over his well-being.

Then one day, while our hero was ostentatiously performing before some of his en-

vious neighbors, his act was interrupted by the entrance of the two men who had fed and cared for him during the last few weeks. Curiosity had killed the cat, and was about to do the same for the turkey. Or perhaps it was gluttony. Eager to accept a possible tidbit, he moved over to where the men stood. He raised his head to see what was about to occur, and only too soon he found out.

This time he stretched his neck too far, and when next we see him, he has undergone so great a transformation that we can hardly recognize him. In place of his brightly colored feathers, he wears a magnificent coat of tan. He reposes on a huge, shining platter and emits a fragrance that is out of this world. His great day of glory has arrived, and although he is not able to appreciate it, he is still "the monarch of all who survey him."

Yes, the mighty monarch has fallen amid the gravy and mashed potatoes, and lies a victim to the gluttony of his conqueror. Now the only sound of drums is the beat of drumsticks against the porcelain plates. Ah, what price glory!!!



What Is Girls' State?

By Barbara Kinghorn and Doris Cella

(Editor's Note—Last summer Barbara Kinghorn and Doris Cella attended Girls' State at Bridgewater, Massachusetts. They were so enthusiastic about their experience that they wish to share it with the student body.)

WHAT is Girls' State? This question has been asked us so many times since we've come home that we thought that this article would be a good way to acquaint everyone—boy or girl—with the answer.

Girls' State is a mythical forty-ninth state in this Union. Its purpose is to educate youth in the duties, rights, and responsibilities of American citizenship. In Girls' State, girls have their own city, town, county and state governments. They elect their own city, town, county and state officials. They learn the duties of the various public offices, their limitations and their powers. They are taught these responsibilities by the best of teachers and professors, and important officials of our own state government. Membership in a political party is a matter of arbitrary assignment. Upon entering, every girl is given a ribbon, either red or blue, which indicates to which party she belongs, Federal or National. These two parties have no connections with the Democratic and Republican parties, and when the girls take them over, they have no platform.

Any girl who is a junior in senior high school, and who resides in Massachusetts is eligible to attend Girls' State provided she is sponsored by the American Legion Auxiliary or some other sponsoring group approved by the Department of Massachusetts.

Massachusetts Girls' State was held at State Teachers' College, Bridgewater, Massachusetts, through the courtesy of Dr. John J. Kelly, President.

When we found out that we were chosen to be two of the lucky girls to attend Girls' State, we were overwhelmed with happiness for this was a remarkable opportunity to learn more about the functions of our gov-

ernment and the responsibilities of American citizenship. That one week we spent there was as exciting and educational as we thought it would be. Our activities were so numerous that not a minute was wasted. Each moment was filled with something new.

We were indeed honored to have associated with such a fine group of girls as were present at the college, and today, we are carrying on correspondence with many of the girls.

We feel that we gained more by actually participating in the running of the government of the mythical state than we could have learned reading about it in text books.

The one regret we have is that not every girl can have the opportunity to enjoy such an experience.

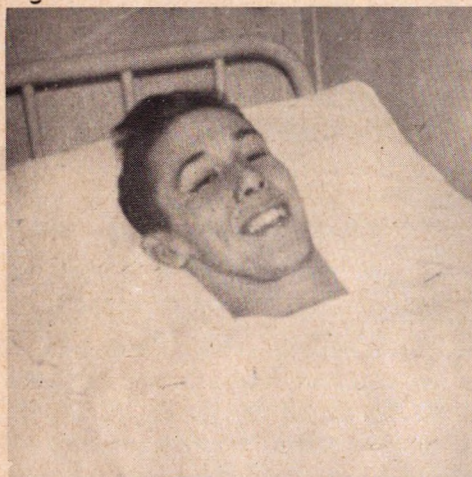
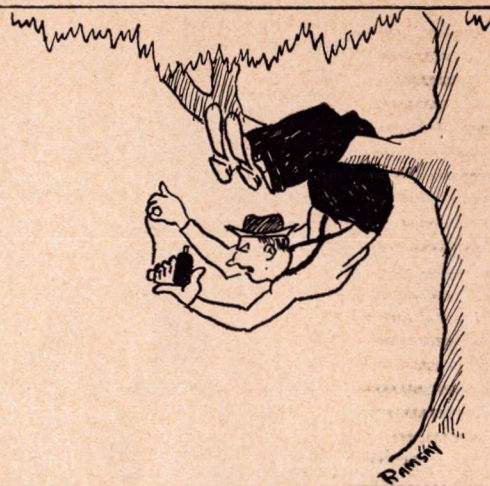


Speed His Recovery

BUY
VICTORY
BONDS



WHO'S WHO



BILL JOHNSON

FALLEN HERO

Students of P. H. S., meet another of the "jolly juniors". Egidio ("Ed") Altobelli is the second of our football casualties, having received a broken leg on September 29, while playing right guard against Technical High of Springfield. No, strangely enough, Ed's favorite food is not steak but pork chops (practically extinct nowadays)!! Nor are his favorites among the opposite sex limited to blondes, for brunettes and redheads rate equally high with this husky athlete. As for teachers and subjects, Mr. Herrick and his sixth period algebra class hold their own in Ed's heart. Unbelievable as it may seem, football is still Ed's favorite sport.

GAME GUY

Meet Bill Johnson, senior sports star extraordinary. Bill had a bit of hard luck come his way when in the first football game of the season, he suffered a compound fracture of his right leg. But he is recuperating now at Hillcrest Hospital and doing nicely, thank you, with always a roomful of visitors to keep him cheerful. Bill is partial to all sports, with rabbit and (dear?) hunting ranking first. He also likes to eat,—spaghetti, breaded veal cutlet, in fact anything that is food. His main ambitions right now are to walk again and to get back to school(!!!). Keep your chin up, Bill; we're rooting for you.



ED ALTOBELLI



MARNY WOOD

"COME ON, KIDS, YELL!"

Students and faculty members of Pittsfield High School, we present Robertine Watson, the energetic captain of this year's cheerleaders and also the President of the Motion Picture Club. This popular senior, whose hobby appears to be making us yell ourselves hoarse, just adores playing basketball and watching football games; especially those in which a popular, broad-shouldered linesman plays. To put yourself into Robertine's good graces, serve her a dish of lobster, followed by some chocolate cake with thick icing.

BLOND BALL BEARER

If a survey was taken to find the average P. H. S. boy, Marny Wood, president of Senior Hi-Y, would rank high, with his blond hair in the conventional crew cut and his love for sports. Right now football is uppermost in his mind, but baseball is a favorite of his also. He is very amiable and satisfied with life if a meal of steak and grapes (what a combination!) and the companionship of a certain soph with long brown hair are on the evening's program. Marny expects some day to go on to Holy Cross and make the Crusaders' football team.



ROBERTINE WATSON

LITTLE GIANT OF P. H. S.

Donnie Troy, this dynamic sophomore who strolls through the halls followed by a group of ardent admirers, is the quarterback of Pittsfield High's football team. He's making a name for himself on the gridiron, though as he says, he "would rather play baseball, any day." Contrary to popular belief, Donnie's favorite number is not twenty-one. Seven and fourteen are preferred. Recently elected to Senior Hi-Y, he is now doing a little in the social line. His favorite foods are ice cream, steak, and fudge, which probably account for his marvelous energy. (What, no spinach?) After graduating from P. H. S., Donnie plans to attend Holy Cross, where he hopes to play on the baseball team.

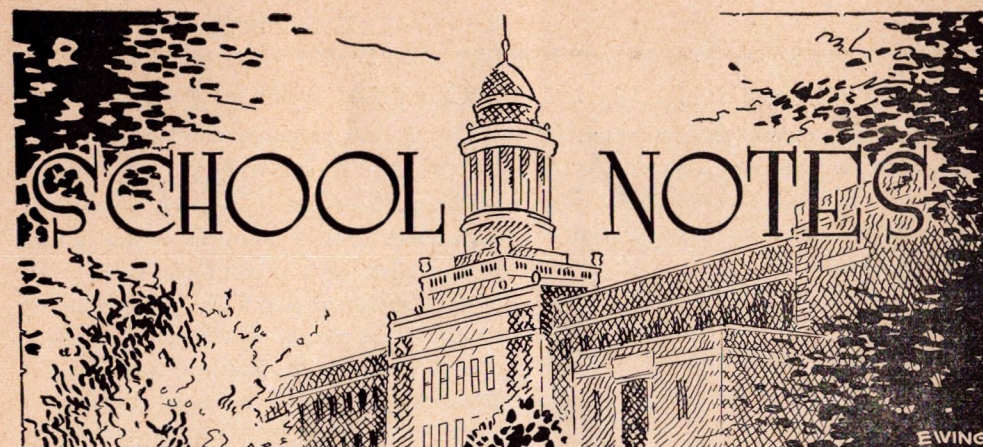


DONNIE TROY



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row: Warren Preble, Walter Creer, Barbara Kinghorn, August Marra, President; Rosemary Durwin, Eleanor Lynch, Joseph Bolster
Back Row: Martin Flynn, Edward Maska, Winthrop Gutmann, Mr. Roy M. Strout, Principal; Jack MacBeth, Rosemary Eagan, Kenneth Turner, Albert Bianchi



STUDENT COUNCIL INSTALLATIONS

In an impressive assembly on October 31, the Student Council officers for 1945-1946 were installed. William Hearn, Senior Class President, presided at the opening of the program and introduced Mr. Strout, who explained the functions of the Council and the responsibilities of the officers as well as those of the student body.

Speaking of the presidency of the Council as "one of the highest honors that a student can receive", he installed August Marra, 1946, as Council President.

Marra's first official act was the installation of his fellow Councillors and the members of the House of Representatives, all of whom pledged themselves to "fulfill the duties of their office and uphold the honor of Pittsfield High School."

Mr. Strout then presented President Marra with a gavel as a symbol of his authority. In accepting it, Marra acknowledged the honor conferred on him and outlined the policies and plans of the Council.

Asking for the help of the student body, he presented a pledge of co-operation and loyalty, which the students enthusiastically repeated after him.

The officers installed were elected at a meeting on October 18 and are as follows: President, August Marra; Vice President, Barbara Kinghorn; Secretary, Rosemary Durwin; Assistant Secretary, Eleanor Lynch.

Other members of the Council are Albert Bianchi, Doris Cella, Winthrop Gutmann, Joseph Bolster, Kenneth Turner, seniors; Martin Flynn, Jack MacBeth, Rosemary Eagan, Edward Maska, juniors; and Warren Preble, Walter Creer, sophomores.

The installation ceremony was planned and directed by Miss Madeline Pfeiffer, Head of the English Department.

STUDENT COUNCIL

A pleasant feature marking the beginning of the activities of the Council was the annual Student Council Luncheon, held October 11. Mr. Strout and Miss Nellie Parker, Dean of Girls, acted as host and hostess. At this meeting, the newly elected members were introduced to the old members. Mr. Strout and Miss Parker discussed both the present activities of the Council and those which could and should be accomplished in the future.

Credit for the preparation and serving of this meal is due to Miss Marion Willis, Head of the Home Economics Department, and to the girls of that department who prepared the following menu:

Tomato juice cocktail	
Meat Loaf a la P. H. S.	
Mashed Potatoes	Buttered Carrots
	Clover Leaf Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce	
Frosted Cake a la Student Council	
	Milk

RETURNED SERVICEMEN

Our faculty has recently been increased by the return of two teachers from the Army. They are Mr. Edward McKenna of the English Department and Mr. James Davison of the Science Department.

Mr. McKenna served as a cryptographer with the Army Air Way Communication System. A staff sergeant, he was overseas thirty-two of his thirty-nine months in the Army. The various countries in which he was stationed were the Belgian Congo, British West Africa, Egypt, and Iraq. Although he has seen much of the world, he is content to be back again at P. H. S., teaching English. Incidentally, Mr. McKenna is being married November 24 to Miss Helen Klein of Stockbridge.

Mr. Davison returned to the "States" in September, having been overseas since 1942. He served in Africa, Sicily, and Italy with the Ground Forces. He had the rating of a technical sergeant. Glad to be back at Pittsfield High, Mr. Davison is now teaching chemistry and biology.

We, at Pittsfield High, are glad to have these teachers back and wish them good luck and success in the future.

"PATIENCE"

The Senior Class of Pittsfield High is again sponsoring a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. The one chosen for this year is "Patience". Anita Eberwein and William Grunning have been chosen as co-chairmen for the production. The operetta is being presented on February 14 and 15, Thursday and Friday nights.

The members of the cast and chorus are rehearsing every week, working carefully under Mr. Gorman's exacting leadership, toward the ultimate goal—a good operetta.

The story is woven around the humorous doings of a "fleshy poet" and a "heavenly poet." Their efforts to win their sweethearts create such ludicrous situations that the audience is sure to have an hilarious evening.

EDUCATION WEEK

During the week of November 11 to November 18 Education Week was observed in the public schools. Pittsfield High participated in different ways. There was "Open House" all week, and oral topics were given in the English classes with "Education for Peace" as the theme. The important feature of the observance was an assembly on Wednesday, November 14, in which the history of American education was presented. The cast included Betty Kreiger, Jean Hanson, William Hearn, Marie Lowery, Bruce Mattoon, Charles Volk, and Christopher Barrecca, who was master of ceremonies. Mr. James P. Reynolds supervised this program.

Five minute talks were given over WBRK daily and a play, entitled "Opportunity for All" was presented Tuesday, November 13. The cast for this play included Mr. Edward McKenna, Mr. Joseph McGovern, and Miss Dorothy Rhoades of the faculty and Betty Kreiger, Jean Hanson, William Hearn, Bruce Mattoon, and Marie Lowery. The broadcast was directed by Mr. John Joyce of the English Department.

VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS

Here is a chance for the student body to show its happiness that the war is over. The Victory Bond Drive, which started November first and ends December fifteenth, should be the most important of all the bond drives for people of high school age. The funds to be raised are for the rehabilitation and hospitalization of the boys who were wounded.

The Student Stamp Committee has had several serious discussions about the way to handle to the best advantage the drive in our school. The leaders of this body are: Chairman, Charles Volk; Co-Chairman, Athena Giftos; Chairman of Assemblies, Brian Butler, and Chairman of Publicity, Rodman Henry. The committee members have not been chosen as yet.

CAMERA CLUB

The P. H. S. Camera Club is now in full swing with its newly-elected officers. Serving as secretary is Rosemary Goddeau and as Treasurer, Dorothy Ellis. Jerrold Rubin is instructing in the "do's and don'ts" of photography, and Mr. Cornelius McMahon is the club's advisor.

At present the club is mainly learning about the processes of photography which take place in the dark room. Later, actual photography will be taken up. One of the advantages of membership in the club, is the privilege of using the dark room during free time.

Photography is an ever-interesting hobby, and the Camera Club invites any student interested to join in the fun on Tuesday nights.

LIBRARY CLUB

For those who enjoy reading good books, the Library Club is the answer to their wants. This club, organized under the direction of Mrs. Philip Wigenhauser, our school librarian, meets for the purpose of reading and discussing good books.

Their officers for the coming year are: President, James Robinson; Secretary, Barbara Burgner. At recent meetings they discussed "The Robe", and each member chose a mystery book to report on. Besides discussion of the books themselves, members obtain information about various authors in whom they are interested.

Future aims of the club include buying a book for our library and arranging in the library a display of books which the members have enjoyed.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

For those people who enjoy movies (and who doesn't?) the Motion Picture Club provides an interesting and educational program. Two pictures are chosen each month

for discussion, and members report on such topics as character, plot, and setting. October's selections were, "Pride of the Marines" and "Tomorrow the World".

Planned for November's discussion are "Love Letters" and "Silver Fleet".

Special pins are being made for the members and are in the process of being ordered.

GLEE CLUBS

Every Wednesday afternoon after school a great many girls may be seen hurrying into the auditorium. The reason? Our Pittsfield High Girls' Glee Club, directed by Mr. F. Carl Gorman. At present, one hundred and fifty-three girls are attending—which fact alone speaks for the popularity of this club.

The newest in Glee Club news, however, concerns the boys. For the past four years there has been no Boys' Glee Club, but this year for the first time since the war, one will be formed after the annual operetta is over.

THE QUIZ KIDS

During the month of October, P. H. S. students were given two quizzes on entirely different subjects. The first, given the early part of October, was on fire prevention. Barbara Goldsmith, senior, Bruce Brown, junior, and James Renzi, sophomore, with the highest number of correct answers in their respective classes, were delegated to represent P. H. S. in a three-cornered radio quiz with St. Joseph's and Dalton High Schools, whose students had also been given the same preliminary test. The result was a victory for P. H. S., Bruce Brown, who answered all the questions correctly, having the highest score.

The second quiz was on spelling. This spelling test was city-wide. In it were words all high school students should have been able to spell, as they were words frequently encountered. The results were surprising, especially to some pupils who had previously boasted about their spelling ability.

WE DO OUR BIT

A mighty sigh arose from the English classes one Monday early in October as the pupils were told to prepare talks on the services of the various Community and War Fund agencies. The talks ranged from three to five minutes, and six winners, two from each class, would be chosen by a faculty committee to give their speeches in connection with the drive which was conducted during the period, October 17th to October 25th.

The boys and girls entered into the competition wholeheartedly and the results were amazing. The manuscripts were rated much better than average, and the committee had a difficult task in choosing the winners.

After much consideration, the following speakers were chosen: Betty Krieger and Jean Hanson, seniors; Charles Bordeau and Bruce Mattoon, juniors; and Claire Rosenfield and Lois Nagelschmidt, sophomores.

These six pupils, under the direction of the faculty committee, did a grand job in presenting their speeches to the public. They filled nineteen speaking engagements at the local theatres from October 10th through October 18th, and Betty Krieger and Bruce Mattoon also addressed the Rotary Club on October 11th.

On Wednesday, October 17th, the official opening of the drive was held at Park Square. From Pittsfield High School, Mr. John Joyce of the English Department, Jean Hanson, Charles Bordeau, and the band, under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman, took part. Lemuel Lloyd, from St. Joseph's High School, also delivered his speech.

A radio quiz, broadcast over WBRK, was held on the night of October 17th, at eight o'clock, between pupils from Pittsfield and

St. Joseph's High Schools. Those taking part were Charles Bordeau, Betty Krieger, Jean Hanson, and Claire Rosenfield from Pittsfield High; Lemuel Lloyd, Harold Lindberg, Elaine Baumann, and Mary McSweeney from St. Joseph's. Six of the eight tied for first place, so it was necessary to decide the winner by lot. Of the girls, Claire Rosenfield won and was given two tickets to the Wendell-Sheraton hotel for dinner. Of the boys, the winner was Harold Lindberg, whose prize was two tickets to the Berkshire Restaurant.

Thirteen pupils were chosen to take part in a short play entitled "Why Can't They?" on Friday, the nineteenth, at eight o'clock. Before the broadcast however, they were guests at a Community War Fund dinner held at the Masonic Temple. Lois Nagelschmidt, Claire Rosenfield, Jean Hanson, William Hearn, James Ramsey, William Bagg, Robert Snow, Betty Krieger, Marie Lowery, June Gogan, Jane Laborda, Bruce Mattoon, and Charles Bordeau were the pupils taking part in this play.

It is unquestionably true that the efforts of these boys and girls aided materially in the success of the Community War Fund Drive.

DETROIT'S GAIN

THE PEN staff has lost a brilliant member in Ann Wierum, a senior, who has moved to Detroit, Michigan. Ann's poems and stories have filled many a page in the STUDENT'S PEN and have given pleasure and inspiration to all of her readers. Always willing to tackle any assignment, she had a gift for making the most commonplace subject seem interesting and even fascinating. Ann is indeed a loss to P. H. S. We wish her success in her new high school and at Radcliffe, which she plans to enter next year.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED
WITH THE FACULTY

By Betty Camp

HAVE you been in the vicinity of Room 243 lately? The next time you are near there, why not drop in and spend a pleasant few minutes. The very interesting person with whom you will chat, is Miss Isabel Power, teacher of English.

This pleasant member of our faculty is a graduate of Lenox High School and of Smith College. She taught at Lenox High before coming to P. H. S.

Her favorite pastime is reading, preferably poems and novels. Her favorite hobby is painting landscapes. Evidence of her talent in this field is often on display on the bulletin board in Room 243 to the great pleasure of all who enter.

Miss Power is a great sports enthusiast, football ranking first. We can see how proud she is of the teams of P. H. S. as we look at the picture of the current teams, football, basketball, hockey or baseball, displayed in her room.

On Fridays, she may be seen wearing the blue uniform of a Red Cross Staff Assistant.

At the Red Cross Chapter House she does typing and answers the telephone. She never misses a Friday (unless ill) and has been rendering this service for three years.

In an attempt to quiet her English classes (or sixth period study hall!!) her severest admonition is, "Be quiet if you value your freedom at 2:45." (Take note "Murph" and Al!)

She is really a grand person, trying to help us at all times. If you do not know her, make it a point to stop in Room 243 and meet her.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Edwin Potter and Daniel Gagne

THE Vocational Department has been visited recently by many servicemen, among them being George Wyble, Paul Skochinsky, Joe Tallidara, Richard Southworth, and Ugo Alessio. The fellows have all told us of the value of their vocational training.

The Print Shop was visited by E. Barnham Dunton Ed. D., assistant manager of the American Type Founders. Mr. Dunton complimented the Printing Department on the excellent work done by them on the concert programs, tickets, and other work. He said the quality of work was higher than in the average vocational school.

A representative of the American Brass Company talked to the Vocational students on copper and its alloys and showed an interesting motion picture of the world's largest copper mine, which is located in Chile.

Another interesting and educational film was "The Fabrication of Cable."

A letter of appreciation was received by Mr. John Moran, Director of the Vocational Department, from Mr. Edward J. Russell, Superintendent of Schools, for the two speaker's stands constructed for the Rotary Club, by the Woodworking Shop under Mr. Willard Shepherdson's supervision.

Girls' Sports

By Jeanne Murphy

FIELD HOCKEY

The 1945 field hockey teams have been named. On the senior team are Carmina Zofrea, captain, forward; Betty Limont, Gertrude Geise, Marjorie Theboda, Doris Cauffman, forwards; Hattie Hall, Ann LaPorte, Jean Homich, Joan Burns, Jeanne Murphy, guards; Mary Pharmer, goalie.

On the junior team are Rosemary Eagan, captain, forward; Mildred Barnes, Margaret Beahan, Rosemary Elworthy, Barbara Kamoniecki, Emma Lewis, Dorothy Prendergast, Irma Rabiner, Patricia May, and Janet Ellis, goalie.

On the sophomore team are Emilou Starke, captain, forward; Marilyn Burke, Patricia Bendell, Virginia Ditmar, Patricia Legg, Marjorie Leahy, Barbara May, Faye Rawling, Lois Russell, and Mary Marra.

As "time in with the whistle" was called, the 1945 girl's field hockey season commenced. As the first game progressed, it was evident that both teams had taken their training seriously and were eager to win. Carmina Zofrea was high scorer for the upperclassmen with six points. Margaret Beahan led the juniors with two points. The two goalies, Janet Ellis, and Mary Pharmer, made it difficult for the forwards to get through them. The goalie is the only member of the team who is allowed to kick the ball. This privilege was made much easier for Janet Ellis, who was wearing ski boots. Marvelous spirit was shown on both teams,



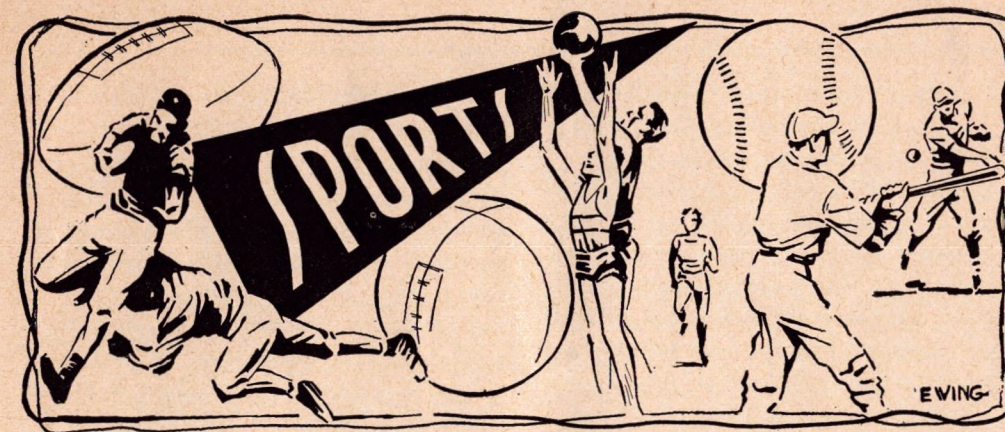
AFTER THE GAME

with the seniors emerging the victors by a score of 11 to 6.

The second game was played on Tuesday October 30, between the seniors and sophomores. Although the seniors won 13 to 0, the sophomores played an outstanding game, and had the seniors worried on many occasions.

The sophomore junior game was played on Wednesday, October 31, with the juniors the winners, by a score of 15 to 3. Margaret Beahan was high scorer for the juniors and Virginia Ditmar for the sophomores.

The junior-senior game, played on Thursday, November 1, was looked forward to with great anticipation by both teams. Since the seniors had won in their first encounter, the juniors were determined to win in the second game. A very exciting four quarters followed, with the seniors victorious, winning, by a score of 11 to 3.



PITTSFIELD 31—ST. JOE 0

By David L. Carpenter

With two touchdowns in each of the first two quarters, Pittsfield High School took a 25-0 lead over St. Joseph's High of this city at half time, and with another touchdown in the third quarter went on to win the annual Armistice Day football classic at Dorothy Deming Field on November 12 before a crowd of five thousand.

Donnie Troy, the star of the game from the offensive standpoint, drew first blood when he received a pass on the 35-yard line from Donnie Kasuba and raced over the goal for a touchdown.

An interception by Bob Lee, St. Joe halfback, exploded into Pittsfield's second score of the initial period. Lee caught Kasuba's long throw into the end zone, took a few steps and then dropped the ball. Bill Flynn, Pittsfield's left end, fell on it for a score. Jerry Scutt then came in and did a perfect place kick, making the score 13-0 at the end of the first quarter.

The third tally came when Donnie Troy made a twenty-four-yard gain for a touchdown on an end run early in the second quarter.

Kasuba again passed for the fourth touch-

down as halfback Marty Flynn made a neat catch near the goal and stumbled into the end zone making the score 25-0 at the end of the first half.

With St. Joe kicking off to begin the second half, Pittsfield drove 56 yards for a fifth and final touchdown, made by Co-Captain Norman Carmel, who plunged for the score from the three-yard line.

With time slowly ticking by, a bid by Pittsfield High for a sixth touchdown (which would have meant a St. Joe-Pittsfield game record), was stopped when the game ended with the ball in their possession on St. Joe's five-yard line to which they had driven from their own 33.

St. Joe never really threatened except for recovering a fumble on the P. H. S. 23 late in the third quarter. Their deepest point of penetration was the 14-yard line, which they reached on a pass from Vin Villano to Bill Leonard.

Pittsfield used a total of thirty-nine players. Although Troy did not play in the second half, he was the offensive star of the game.

The P. H. S. line was as solid a stone wall as could be hoped for, with Murph Connor, Paul Van Loon, and Co-Captain Al Bianchi standing out very brilliantly on the defense.

PASS SETS UP CATHEDRAL TOUCHDOWN, 7-0

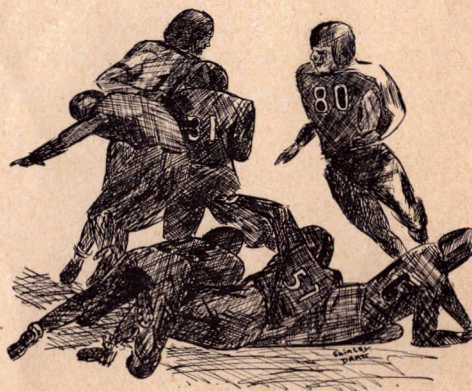
By Warren Harmon

Cathedral High of Springfield emerged the victor at Dorothy Deming Field, October 27, as the result of a nineteen yard forward pass, climaxed by a smash over left guard for the touchdown. Instead of kicking for the extra point Cathedral chose to pass and was successful making the final score 7-0.

Pittsfield received the kick after winning the toss and made a first down without much trouble before it punted back to Cathedral. Springfield didn't get far in its first offensive and when the ball changed hands P. H. S. put on the heat in a drive forward which proved to be the longest drive of the game. On the first play an off tackle slant went for two yards, but the home team's offensive really got under way when two sophomore backs got together on an eighteen yard pass play. Joe Ditello pegged to Dom Diczno, who held onto the ball though badly shaken while in the act of receiving by a Springfield back, but officials called no penalty on the play. On third down Pittsfield punted to the Cathedral thirty-seven where it resumed its drive after clipping had been detected on a Springfield player when the ball was still in the air. After an incomplete pass and a short running gain, Ben Carnevale carried eight yards for another first down at the visitors' twenty-six. Pittsfield called for passes on the third and last downs, after two running plays had clicked for six yards, but both aials were unsuccessful. P. H. S. went no deeper into enemy territory after that first quarter sixty yard offensive thrust, although early in the third period halfback Ditello shook himself loose for a sixteen yard dash to the Cathedral thirty-eight. Nothing came of this second rush because the team lost ground on the next three plays and Cathedral moved ahead later in that quarter to start its winning offensive.

Early in the fourth quarter the third Springfield bid for a score began to gain momentum. Pittsfield kicked to its own forty-six yard line where the ball went out of bounds. The Springfield fullback picked up six yards on an end sweep, followed on the next play by another run around the opposite end, good for nineteen yards and a first down at the P. H. S. twenty-one. A pass completion to Jim Kennedy, who later went out of the game because of head injuries, went for nineteen more yards and advanced the visitors to the Pittsfield two. On the next play the Cathedral right half lunged over his left guard for the touchdown. Another successful pass play added the conversion point.

Pittsfield maintained a stubborn defense preventing the visitors from two other scoring chances immediately after the first score had been made. From a first down at the P. H. S. seven, Cathedral gained five yards on the first play but the Pittsfield High line rose up in all its might and held the next three plays to a one yard gain. After receiving a short punt, Cathedral came roaring back via two pass completions as far as the P. H. S. six, determined to have another go at it. However, this purpose was defeated when two more passes went incomplete mainly because the Pittsfield line was successful in its attempt to hurry the passer in his getting rid of the ball.



DRURY 7—PITTSFIELD 0

By William Carty, Jr.

On October 20, Drury High defeated P. H. S. 7-0 before a crowd of 2800 on Noel Field, thus eliminating Pittsfield from the Berkshire County Championship race.

The home team was in possession of the ball near mid-field when a pass thrown by Rosasco, was taken by Neville on the Pittsfield 24 and carried the intervening distance across our goal line. The extra point was added by Cardillo.

Completely outclassed in the opening half, Pittsfield rallied in the third and final periods. Pittsfield lost a golden opportunity to score in the last period. A 28 yard pass, Ditello to Diczno, carried to the Drury 18 yard line. After a first down, Pittsfield's attack bogged down on the Drury two yard line. Twice more in the final period, Pittsfield drove inside the Drury 25 yard line, only to be stopped.

Pittsfield showed marked improvement on the offense, and played its usual fine defensive game. Again the team was without Co-Captain Norm Carmel, Bill Paris, and Don Kusuba. Co-Captain Bianchi, Connor, Scutt, and Marra made many tackles, while Bill Flynn and Archambeault played fine all around games.

OFFENSIVE ADAMS SCORES ONCE ON P. H. S. 6-0

By Warren Harmon

With an exceptionally stubborn defense, but with little offensive power Pittsfield came out the loser to Adams by a touchdown at Deming Field, October 13.

Through its ability to hold that line while inches from its own goal, the Pittsfield line staved off many an Adams touchdown. Pittsfield elected to kick off after winning the toss, and Adams, with one first down after another, drove to the P. H. S. ten yard line. The Foxmen were stopped cold at this point

and spent four downs with but a yard gained. The first three tries were running plays. On the fourth down Adams tried a typical Coach-Fox-triple reverse having a pass tacked on the end of it which fell incomplete in the end zone. Pittsfield punted out to the half-way marker and after three successive first downs Adams landed at the P. H. S. three yard line. A brilliant defense again cheated Adams High from a score. On Pittsfield's first play Benny Carnevale found a hole and crashed through it for a net gain of twenty-three yards. But the ball again went back under the shadow of the goal posts as the result of a backfield in motion penalty. Dom Diczno punted out and Adams returned the ball to the Pittsfield sixteen. Adams was now desperately trying to ring up a score before the first half ended, so Art Fox, Jr., on the third down faded back, passed out the aerial intended for him and was intercepted by Marty Flynn. Pittsfield kicked out of danger on the next play and the first half was over—Adams High having failed in three attempts to score on P. H. S.

Early in the third quarter, Pittsfield recovered an Adams fumble, which put the home team in enemy territory for a change. After losing about six yards on the next four plays, P. H. S. gained this ground back after a punt exchange and a short pass completion which landed them on the Adams thirty-four. Then the ball changed hands. Art Fox, Jr. punted slightly into Pittsfield territory, but a fumble recovered by the Adams quarterback set the visitors up for their long awaited six points. After two first downs putting them on the Pittsfield eight, which was by now very familiar territory to the Fox boys, Art Fox, Jr. who had been his team's big offensive star, having passed, run, and kicked, was the boy who finally got through the brick wall (and what a brick wall) for the touchdown. The home line scrambled through on the next play and blocked the extra point kick.

P. H. S., 7—HOLYOKE, 0

By David L. Carpenter

A newly installed T formation gave a greatly improved Pittsfield High School football team enough lift for a 7-0 victory over Holyoke High at Dorothy Deming Field on Saturday, October 8. The sole score, which stemmed directly from recovery of a fumble early in the second quarter, came when Ben Carnevale plunged two yards to culminate a seven play two first down attack.

The first quarter looked like a repetition of the two previous weeks' performances as Pittsfield was on its heels as the result of a forty yard drive which carried toward the Pittsfield goal line. Yet that was Holyoke's only serious threat. Shortly before the end of the second half, they carried to the Pittsfield thirty-eight; and after that never advanced beyond midfield.

To add to the forlornness of the Pittsfield players in the first few minutes of play, Backs Bill Paris and Donnie Kasuba were injured and were forced to retire from the game. When Paris left the game, Domonic Diczno, a stocky sophomore, was sent in and he immediately became P. H. S.'s best ground gaining bet, driving 68 yards in 18 carries.

The scoreless tie started to break on the fifth play of the second when Donnie Troy recovered a fumble on the Holyoke 35. Pittsfield declined an offside penalty; Diczno crashed for five yards. Carnevale failed to gain and a pass by him went untouched. He then shifted to the role of receiver and caught a 16 yard pass thrown by Quarterback Marshall Wood. From here, Dom Diczno plunged to the one yard line, where on the next play he was thrown for a one yard loss. Ben Carnevale then split off his own left guard and tackle and went over for the touchdown. Vernon Campbell, replacing

Troy, kicked the extra point, giving Pittsfield what proved to be the winning score, 7-0.

Late in the fourth period, Donnie Troy who thus far had been used mostly on bucks, was given a chance to use his speed on a sweep around the Holyoke left end. He raced 38 yards to the Holyoke 5, but a foul was called on the opponents' 24.

Dom Diczno, who along with Carnevale was the offensive star, did very well on his punts. They averaged about 40 yards, with the longest going for 54 yards into the end zone in the third quarter.

Pittsfield's whole line of iron men did very creditable work on the defense.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

When asked, "What do you like about Thanksgiving", these are the replies several P. H. S. students gave.

DICK LEDERER—The dinner.

MARIE LOWERY—The vacation.

WIN GUTMANN—The harvest moon.

BERNARD HUBBARD—Everything.

KAY ALTHIZER—I don't have to do the dishes.

JERRY SCUTT—Nothing special.

CORALIE HOWE—I'll see HIM.

WARREN "BOBO" BOUCHANE—Two days out of school that I don't have to skip.

DOT KELLEY—No chemistry class.

BETTY JENSEN—I'll get out of this burg for a while.

JOYCE WOOD—All the company we have.

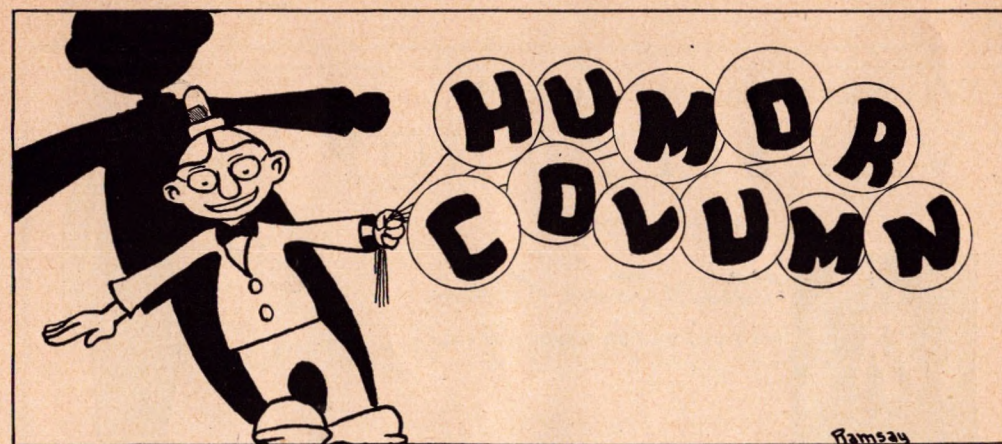
DAVID ANDERSON—I'm thankful for everything, especially no school.

BETTY TANCH—"Meat for a change."

"TINY" ROE—"I don't."

ED ANDREWS—"Get all you want to eat."

ATHENA GIFTOS—"No Latin to digest."



Mary was a little vamp

Of that you're sure to know,
For everywhere that Mary went,
The freshman class, half the sophs, twenty-five juniors, seven seniors, and three post-graduate students

Were sure to go.

Menu in the P. H. S. cafeteria:

Odor of chicken soup
Memory of pineapple salad
Shadow of beef sandwich
Lemon mirage pie.

"Joey" Nugent swears that the parenthesis on her typewriter go only one way.
(These unusual typewriters)

Definition: A hug is energy gone to waist.

R. E. M.: "Why are bicycles always sleepy?"

A. D. P.: "I don't know, why?"

R. E. M.: "Because they are two tired!"

Mr. McKenna to a noisy class: "What were you vaccinated with, a phonograph needle?"

Soph: "Boy, look at that beautiful girl!"

Junior: "She goes to college."

Soph: "Isn't it wonderful what a college education will do for a person?"

Mr. Gorman wants to make the learning of the Alma Mater song compulsory before graduation. The other day he heard a sophomore singing, "Proud are we who through thy port-holes . . ."

A tired wolf is one who hopes the girl will say no.

Judy: "The third time I went out with him he tried to kiss me goodnight."

Sally: "You know the old saying—familiarity breeds attempt!"

A sensible girl is not as sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

A car drove down a lonely road, and all of a sudden there came a loud knocking from under the hood.

Girl: "What's that knocking?"

Boy: "I think it's opportunity."

Sisson: "Boy, that meat in the cafeteria was sure tough today!"

Calnan: "I'll say! I couldn't even get my fork in the gravy!"

A flirt is a woman who believes it's every man for herself.

Mr. Carey: "Prendergast, can you write legibly?"

Beeze P: "No, I write English."

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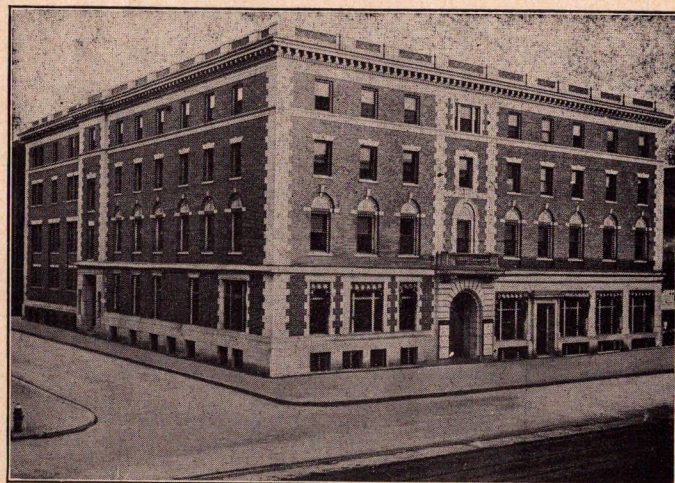
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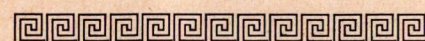
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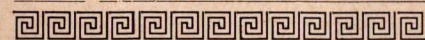
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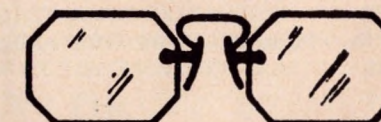
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